PETRONILLA AND

OTHER POEMS.

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BY

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TO

THE REV. JOHN EDWARDS, JUN., M.A.

OF THE PRIORY, PRESTBURY,

NEAR CHELTENHAM,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF MANY PLEASANT DAYS

SPENT TOGETHER AT OXFORD,

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

ARE, WITH THE AUTHOR'S VERY SINCERE REGARDS,

MOST AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

PETRONILLA.

I.

ONE long Vacation, for three happy weeks
Of brightest eves, I visited in Kent,
With Ambrose Wynyarde at his father's house.
I scarce remember all I did and saw,
We saw so much, and the days quickly flew;
But the great hall, with broad oak timber beams
And panels of the linen-pattern round,
Is now before me.

Rows, on its lofty walls,
Of dusty tattered flags, antlers and arms:
While at the entrance end, of darkest oak,
A cumbrous gallery and heavy screen.
Upon its front were stars of falchions,
Gauntlets, chain armour, leathern jerkins, spears;
And quaint old pictures, stiff, grotesque, and grand.
White, flat-faced dames with jewelled stomachers,
One, with six rings upon her forefinger,
And two in dresses most elaborate,
Brocaded silk,—each detail given with care,—
White ground with open gilded pomegranates:
And in the corners stood their coats of arms,
Thin-bodied sprawling lions done in gold.
There were some knights to match these ladies fair,
Who, if their portraits did not flatter them,
Appeared excessively uncomfortable,
Angular joints with faces brown and brave:

Sir Godfrey bore a long broad-sword of state,
And wore a pointed beard. His grandson nigh
Was decked in ribbons, pendent from his neck,
Long curling hair, with a vacant woman's face,
Made up the picture.

Above the space
Where two dog-irons shone on the chimney floor,
Rose a confusëd mass of carved black oak:—
Adam and Eve with a leafless tree between.
The Ark and Dove with Noah's turbaned head
Put out of window, and between and round,
Dragons devouring each with energy,
Boys, fruit, and wheat-ears, while along the top
Ran this inscription, *Dominus regnavit.*

An oaken table stood adown the hall
So thick and broad and deep, that when our strength
United was put forth to move the thing,

It creaked but stirred not.

A bay window there,

Filled in the head with pictured glass of saints,

Looked out upon the well-sunned shaven lawn.

Round to the left, at daybreak, cawing rooks

Began their conclave, closed at five o'clock.

I listened to them when the eastern sun

First flushed the loftiest hills, then made the dew

Flash brilliantly like liquid diamonds.

Deep in the country, still the hours flew by,

Joy-sunned and fleet. We strolled about the park

Talking of Oxford and religious "views,"

Sat down to chess, ransacked the library,

Turned over heaps of Venice photographs,

Took ten-mile walks to see the churches round,

Grew tired of fishing, argued politics,
Or read the Laureate under broadening limes.

One afternoon pale, pensive Margaret,
The motherless only daughter of Sir George,
Gave us a manuscript reluctantly.
Writing most unlike that at ladies' schools.
Her brother read it with his back on the sward,
And a straw boating-hat upon his face
To cheat the sunshine. Bent knee upon knee,
Plucking the grass and flinging it away,
He paused to criticise kindly and with taste.

II.

I.

OF old when first the Holy Name was known
Upon the Seven Hills, when timidly
The lone and spiritless slave found by it rest,
A Roman daughter learnt the will of God.
A gathered few assembled. One had come
From under eaſtern skies with joyous words,
Weak in the flesh, but mightily strong in grace,
To move aside the veil between earth and heaven,
And point to glories unconceived beyond.
His words were powerful, and his flashing eye
Gave them fresh force, so that the listening girl,

With face in her palms, and blue wide-open eyes,
White elbows on a purple covering,
Wondered, was stirred and brushed a tear away.

O desolate world, and weary, weary hearts,
In summer desolate, with plenty poor ;
No point to life, no aim, no end, no prize,
A changeless blank or never-changing gloom.
Powerful his words, he told of Eden's paths,
Where God with man walked in the cool of the day,
And of the Fall, and of the angel sword.
Eve brought in death, but Mary life eterne,
Weak the first Adam, but the Second strong.
The Second mighty in the strength of God.
Factum est Verbum Caro, Light of Light,
There never was an age when Thou wast not,
Begotten before the worlds, yet born in time,
Of Death the Conqueror and of Life the Source.

2.

Message of power for weary, weary hearts;
Angels first sang the canticle of praiſe,
And man takes up the chorus. Loud and long
It rings out down the ages. Listeners
Marvel awhile, but soon its import learn,
And reverent bow. The king in zone of gold,
The pooreſt outcast, the most abject slave,
Has heard the song and learnt the Love of God.

3.

O blue-eyed one, with reſtless anxious glance,
Lady patrician gazing vacantly,
Now by the Tiber, now across the sea,
In Olive Garden and on Calvary's Hill,

Or back again before Minerva's fane,
Where art thou now?
Then powerfully he told
Of the glad tidings, clear, dogmatic, true.
He who five thousand souls one Pentecoſt
Had won to the Church, now gained another ſoul;
For Petronilla quailed at Peter's word,
Knelt at his feet and learnt the power of grace.
We know not how or why. GOD's will be done.
One shall be taken and the other left.
Now were the world's allurements powerless,
Its blooming pathway barren, desolate.
So too Rome's throngëd courts. The voice of
praise,
The honied words of flattery were harsh,
Yet was her vision never circumscribed.

4.

Like some far-stretching landscape from a hill,
The Church below was spread before her gaze.
Powerful, divine, resistless, distant climes
Heard the clear summons only to obey.
That heavenly song which reached the shepherds'
ears
When Christ was born of Mary, and those words
That on the Resurrection morn were heard—
The Lord is risen indeed, and Death is dead—
Are known and deeply loved. Single souls have
come
And mightiest nations. Upon simple hearts
The sacerdotal character impressed,
Each age has known. The powerful Arm of God
Has ne'er been shortened, so have mighty works

Been wrought below. Martyrs their palms have
won,
And saints their snowy robes and jewelled crowns,
Wanderers soul-weary have returned to Christ,
And blackest hearts become as white as snow.
Gloria in excelsis. Grace is strong.
Come, heavy-laden, enter on your rest.

5.

She saw, one starry night, in lustrous dream,
The unending glories of the Church above.
Around the golden-gated City lay
A rich sunned landscape. Hill and vale and wood
In gentle undulation. Brightest tints
Lay over each, gold, emerald, crimson ;
Frosted silver edging all, as moonlight,

When the skies are hid, fringes the tree tops
Of our poor earth below. The breeze around
Was heavily burdened with sweet odours rich,
While from within the City came glad songs,
Rising and falling to the rippling plash
Of the o'erflowing streams of Paradise.
All this was the reward, the lot at last,
Of those who walked by faith and fought the
fight.

6.

Tell my Lord Antony I am not his.
He ne'er can pillow on my breaſt his cheek,
The fancied pressure gives me pain. Such joys
Are transient, earthly: shooting-stars or gleams
Of April sunlight. Gaze for a moment

And you see but gloom. We seize such earth-
joys
And they are gone, leaving a gaping void.
The pleasure coveted is changeless pain.
Tell my Lord Antony I am not his.

7.

God made me for Himself, and I am God's.
In but not of the world, if so His will.
Let Memory clasp not any joy of earth,
Let Faith's keen glance rest on the Home above,
And Hope dwell there where Love shall be at last,
A full fruition—an eternal rest,
The summit flower of grace on God's high hill.

8.

As years flew onwards to the eternal hills,
Like wondering eyes first gazing on the sea,
The faithful learnt that one whose soul had shone
Beauteous with grace, was known throughout the world
As a saint of God. Eastward and weftward,
On bright sea-shores of Italy and Spain,
When the morning star clear trembled o'er the wave,
Or when the purple robe of even lay
Upon the horizon, 'thwart the weftern sun,
Fringed with gold lustre; fishers on the beach,
Knelt round a figure, softly smiling, and
Melodious sang, *Ora pro nobis*

Petronilla, grant us a great success,—
We toil for those we love, in the love of God,—
And bring us safely to the heavenly shores.

III.

LIFE is no longer pointless. Higher aims
And holier aspirations. Not the poor thoughts
So weak and watery which are made girls' own
By mixing with their world, nor the thin talk
Of common-place profound, nor gossips' thoughts,
But one determined purpose, kind and good.
O pale-faced Margaret, follower of those
Who followed Christ, His blessing be with thee!
The poor and outcast know thee. The young child,
Timid and loving, looks up in thy face,

And finds a true friend both for body and soul.
Under the sunshine thou art sunning all
With the choice benedictions of the Church;
And, when the white moon looketh in at night,
Sees thy two thin, veined hands together placed
And thy moist eye before a crucifix.
Thou loveſt God and others as thyself,
And thou shalt have exceeding great reward.

When blood-red War raged over eaſtern lands
One name, unblazoned in the newspapers,
Was known to those who lay parched up with pain,
Under the moonlight. Miniſtering she walked
From hill to flat, weary but grace-inspired—
Strong in His strength Who came at Pentecoſt,—
With beating heart and sympathizing soul,
To stanch the wound, to whisper words of hope,

And shed rich blessings over each and all.

* * * * *

Years afterwards, when Change had done his work,
And the big world had moved with steadiness,
I wandered in a church-porch open door;
Oak benches unobtrusive, all restored,
Where rich and poor together bent the knee;
Enamel pavement, screen with gold and blue;
An alabastrine altar, jewelled croſs;
Three rings of tapers in the eaſtern part,
And windows glowing with rich coloured tints,
Jesus and Mary, Magdalene and John,
And Petronilla, with a little fish,
Daughter in Chriſt of the great Fisherman.
All these I saw and more.
In one side-aisle,
Looking east, a long, veined form in marble,

Clear, cold, and white, with quiet tranquil smile,
And hands in prayer. One large full lily-bloom,
Lay on her rising breast, while underneath,
In gilded characters, this legend ran :—
Here lyeth Margaret Wynyarde. In the hope
Of resurrection to eternal life,
She sleeps in peace. Lord Jesus, hear our prayers,
Thy Petronilla was her patron-saint.

OTHER POEMS.

UNDER THE HILLS.

I.

OLD home, old home, under the quiet
hills,—
Ruddy Spring and sunny Summer,
Each in turn a welcome comer;
Autumn, too, with red and gold,
Over copse and vale and wold,
Ever loved as a peaceful fold
Under the quiet hills.

II.

Under the quiet hills,—

Sward of moss and banks of fern,

Wildest woods with never a turn,

Tangled brake and patches of green

Greet us unlooked for, and intervene.

Adown from beneath their craggy top,

Silverly glancing, and never stop

When Winter is past, clear trickling rills,

Where violets cluster and daffodils.

Shadow and sunshine there pass by,

Matching cloud and blue in the changefu

sky,

When the Summer grows old, I dream as I

lie

Under those quiet hills.

III.

Under those quiet hills
Seven gables stony grey
Stand looking over the vale,
Hoarding many a sorrowful tale,
And telling a tale alway.
Seven gables with oak beneath,
And stone-bound windows small,
Orange lichen upon the wall,
And a quiet around like the prefence of Death.
Beeches with silver back look o'er
A sluggish pool from the wall to the door;
While over the door, with iron-leaves rich,
Crumbles slowly an empty niche:
Carvëd fragments and wide-grown weed,
Where stood the figure of Etheldrede.
Within, dark panel and stony floor,

Gilded cornice and massy door,
Pictures and armour up on the wall,
And a faded curtain across the hall,
Gathered up into dusty folds below,
And tied with an antique-looking bow :
While beside it stands a broken lance
That once belonged to the king of France,
Who was taken prisoner by the son
Of old Sir Henry of Quarrendon,
Whose shield is a fesse between crescents
three,
And his motto " By faith and constancy."
My chest on the casement.
The breeze,
though cool,
Scarcely motions the weedy pool,
Out in the pond there, just as they list,
The dace come up with a sudden twist :

I can't help watching the circles die
Though bright be the garden and blue the
sky.
Here the shadows are broad and dun,
While there a lily enjoys the sun;
Of that flower's death would a painter be
wary,
If painting the mission of Gabriel to Mary.

* * * * *

Firm box-hedge by the chapel wall,
Quinces mellowing, sunflowers tall,
And beyond, the rich peaches ready to fall:
Fruit to look at, picture to paint,
But could pencil preserve the rich odours
faint
Of the old home under the hills?

IV.

Old home under the hills,—
Full five centuries have past by,
Poor are rich and low are high,
And the earth has given a timely rest
To thousand thousands upon her breast,
And numberless shadows, early and late,
Have crept across the dial-plate,
Since the slab was raised and the oil was poured
And this pile was offered to the Lord.
The lights were lit and the chapel named,
And a withering curse on the spoiler proclaimed.
The words of that curse are heard again
When the full moon shines through the window-pane;

The sleeping or wakeful those sounds will
reach,
Though none can discover who frames the
speech.
O'er just and sinner, o'er lowly and proud,
It broods like a breaking thunder-cloud;
Each has known sorrow and keen dismay
From King Henry's time to this present day,
And six generations have passed away
At the old home under the hills.

V.

Watching, kneel I day by day,
Friends and seasons pass away,
Lord, be Thou my perfect stay.
This jewelled Rood, with Mary and John,
Is a picture ever to look upon,
Thou art with us, though Thou art gone.
Then, Lord, forgive, and take Thine own,

Let me prepare Thee an altar-throne,
For all is Thine, and Thine alone
Of the old home under the hills.

VI.

Old home, true home under the hills,
Ruddy Spring and sunny Summer,
Each in turn a welcome comer;
Autumn, too, with red and gold,
Over copse and vale and wold,
Still more loved, as a peaceful fold
Under the quiet hills.
Now hangs no dark cloud above,
For the ever-burning lamp of love
Glisteneth under the hills!
Ever flushing copse and wold,
Deeper tints of purple and gold
Stream down over the hills!

ALONE.

I.

ALONE, in the noisy restless street;
Thousands hurrying to and fro
Lonelier make me as I go
Creeping onwards with none to greet.

First far backward a sunnier day
Home-known faces in quiet dells,
Till up-and-down music of chiming bells
Brings me back as they comforting say,
Jesus and Mary were out at night,
When the winds were sharp and the stars were
bright.

II.

Then a glimpse of my after-delight,
Heart with heart and hand in hand,
A flood of sunshine over the land,
Autumn rich and Summer bright.

But Summer was short and Autumn poor,
Turbid streams and cloudy skies,
Now but darkness round me lies,
No red glare from an open door.
But Jesus and Mary were out at night,
When the winds were sharp and the stars were bright.

III.

No sweet voice or joyous smile,
No kind glance or bosom warm,

Morn and even, calm or storm,
Cold below, and none beguile.

Alone, alone, keen though it be,
The Olive Grove was keener still,
The Nails and Lance, the darkened Hill,
And all alone for love of me.
Jesus and Mary were out at night,
When the winds were sharp and the stars were bright.

IV.

Alone in the desolate, crowded street,
Dipping down with a curve of lights,
Shining silver, glistening sights
Right and left, but none to greet.

Yon church windows, lit up for prayers,
Magdalene Saint though Sinner there;
Lead me, Lord, her lot to share,
And let me tread the golden stairs.
For Jesus and Mary were out at night,
When the winds were sharp and the stars were
bright.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Nonne omnes sunt administratorii spiritus in ministerium missi propter eos qui hereditatem capient salutis?

KIND Guardian of my youth, still ever tend,
Dear Angel form,
Who soothed my soul and dried my tears, a friend
In calm or storm.

Bright Messenger of God, be near me still,
When sin is strong,
Toward the far-distant land in joy or ill
Guide me along.

Lead me to Him, the Source of every grace,
Sweet Mary's Son,
Let me adore His Wounds and see His Face,
And I have done.

But while I linger here, temptations nigh,
Wean me from earth,
Show me the splendour of God's court on high—
The second birth.

Tell me of that bright land far o'er the hills,
That beauteous lies,—
Of peaceful grove and music-making rills
In Paradise :

Tell of the City of our Lord and God,
That needs no light,
Show me the emerald courts which Thou hast trod,
Where comes no night :—

Tell of the crystal sea, and lamps of fire,
That mystic glow :
Speak of the chants that float round Heaven's
choir,
Unheard below ;

Save that the eye of Faith can sometimes glean
A glimpse of light,
A shadowed glory of that heavenly scene
Now veiled from sight :

Save that at evening's close, or midnight hour,
These notes are heard,
Now loud, now soft, now deep with heavenly
power,
And souls are stirred.

Strange sounds of moving waves and mystic songs,
Come floating by ;

Angelic whispers from the unseen throngs
Are heard and die.

Then tell how Martyrs wave their fadeless palms
Before God's throne,
Teach me the airs you sing—those endless psalms—
To God alone.

Tell of the Queen of Saints at God's Right Hand*
In golden vest—
Of white-robed virgins crowned that near Her stand
For ever blest.

Show me the Lamb of God, the Light Divine,

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* Astitit Regina a dextris Tuis in vestitu deaurato: circumdata varietate.

Who pleads for all,
If I am His, rich graces will be mine,
I shall not fall.

And when at last God calls me home to Him,
Guardian, be nigh,
Shield me when strength is low and sight is dim,
Then can I die.

The fears will cease, the darkness flee away,
The scales will fall,
Then evermore for me an endless day,
And God, my all in all.

THE LADY MARY.

A BALLAD.

A GREY and desolate homestead,
A blank wall by its side,
A long and level line beyond,
Where the Lady Mary died.

One red rose by the garden gate,
One lily in yonder bed;
The weeds how thick! my heart how sick,
And the sun how fierce and red!

It gleams upon the casements,
And falls upon the wall,

It blisters every window-sill,—
  It mocks the lonely hall,

Where the Lady Mary walked so fair
  When she went to be a bride,
And where she lay on Saint Cuthbert's day,
  With tapers at her side.

She went to Our Ladye's church, they say,
  The psalms and prayers were said,
And she vowed to obey her lord alway,
  In love at board and bed.

Seven days from the marriage morn,
  Sunshine o'er the bride,
Seven short days had passed away,
  And the Lady Mary died.

Nought of the Lady Mary here,
  But a picture which doth not lie,
Long golden hair on a kirtle fair,
  And a mild and soft blue eye :

Nought of the Lady Mary here,
  But a picture in the hall,
Bright at noon when the sun upcreeps
  The dial upon the wall.

In yon church sleeping, while above,
  With claspt hands on her breast,
Calm looking toward the sun-rise,
  In marble, *God give rest.*

Christ, give her rest, let each one pray,
  In charity when he goes,
At morning grey to the altar steps
  Where the lamplight softly glows.

The bare and desolate homestead
  Is more lonely when day is dead,
And the pine-tops are crimsoned by the sun,
  That goeth down blood-red.

Dark against the deep blue sky,
  Darker where lilies float,
With rank grass round, the waters sleep,
  A black and stagnant moat.

A tenantless silent homestead,
  The pale moon by its side,
Making silver tints on death-struck pines
  Where the Lady Mary died.

Lonely when the sunshine falls,
  Or the moon walks up the sky,
Lonely, too, when the stars die out,
  And the twilight passeth by.

Let each one, crossing the barren moor,
Say one " Our Father" at least,
That the Lady Mary be made once more
A Bride at a Marriage Feast.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WHAT of the night? what of the night,
Blue and starry and cold,
Silver mists in the grey twilight
Over the level wold?
Forward and backward, thought on thought,
Others have gazed before,
Souls are precious, though earth is nought,
And bright the golden shore.

What of the night? what of the night?
Pales the radiant moon,

Stars die out in uncertain light,
  And morning cometh soon:
Morning dawns and sorrows creep back,
  Unrest in the golden ray,
Long is the night, but certain the track
  To the everlasting day.

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.

I.

BLUE and black transparently,
Out of the glare of the mounted sun,
Now do the waters evenly lie,
And the lank weeds point to the bright blue sky,
With orange in place of dun.
Clear and sharp transparently,
Motionless lie the weeds,
In and out below the dark fish swim
In curve and circle, then up to the brim,
Moving the crispy reeds.

II.

Shaded I lie
Under the sky,
While the tank of the moat is just hard by ;
The weeds are as thick, and the water as lo
As they were some fourteen years ago.
Look ! the fish will dart off to the rushes thi
When I fling in this paring of alder-stick ;
There they go,
Down below,
I told myself so,
And 'tis just as they did fourteen years ago.

III.

Shaded I lie
Under the sky,
Now the sun glares, for the clouds have past

I watch that shadow go over the wold,
Over the wall and across the lane,
To put out the gold in that window-pane :
O'er yonder waggon and barley-load,
And quickly athwart the chalky road.
Field and valley and village green,
Lines of copse to the left of the scene :
Now it darkens the sheep in the distant fold
As I watch it pass slowly across the wold,
To shade the hills of purple and gold.

IV.

Never, I ween,
So joyous a scene,
As with Alice and Mary and Geraldine,—
A drooping lid,
A voice sweet and low,

And a laughing eye,—
Who were here by the moat fourteen years ag
And now are sleeping all in a row,
By the churchyard cross where the sunbeams
glow.
There they lie, and people are wary
Of pressing the earth over Alice and Mary;
At each grave, careful, they walk between,
And the same is done for Geraldine.

God give them eternal rest,
Like John, a place upon Jesu' breast,
Then a broidered robe and a lily-flower,
And a fillet of gold for Mary's Bower.
Radiant sunlight, company blest,
God soon grant them eternal rest.

V.

Shaded I lie
Under the sky,
With the dark blue water sleeping by.
Gnarlëd oak-arms, brawny and old,
And bright leaves over me, green and gold,
Making intricate trellis-work where the blue
Of the diamond sky comes peeping through
At the drowsy gnats flocking the air.

VI.

Just three times
Must have sounded the chimes,
And another chime has begun.
Clear and bright transparently
Under the glare of the noontide sun

Still do the waters evenly lie,
To image the blue of the cloudless sky,—
Why do I think of eternity,
And why of the death of Time?

"*Dolor Meus in Conspectu Meo semper.*"

(To E. B.)

I.

BEHIND the rocks, before the crispy sands,
Where the blue waves come up towards Nazareth,
Sun-ridged and golden, John and Jesus played.
The sunshine fell in splendour, and the sun—
Misty and dazzling white—was overhead.
A line of brilliance semicircular
Lay round the bay, while brightly far beyond
The city-walls and homes stood boldly out.

Below there bloomed no flowers, but up the rocks
The fairest blossoms hung, from which sweet
scents
Spread and rose upward 'neath the evening star.
Thrice did the elder-born essay to reach
The beauteous clusters, but the cruel rock,
Jagged and keen, bade him no longer strive.

II.

So Mary's Son, with smile and loving look,
Would, with a resolute will, gather the flowers.
Below, the sands were barren, bare, and dry.
Steep were the rocks and sharply dangerous.
Yet still He clomb their rugged, stony sides,
Blood starting from His Hands, the dolorous way;
Anon the clustering blossoms fell, and John,
Gathering them up, enwove a coronal,

And placed it reverent upon Jesus' brow.
Just then, a troop of merry children came
And sang a joyous canticle in His praise;
Kneeling around, in innocent, childish play,
They called Him King, and kissed His wounded
Hands,
So were His sorrows ever in His sight.

A LOSS.

I.

THEY have buried her here to-day,
Sink, sun, too joyous and bright,
They have buried her here to-day,
Come, deepening grey twilight,
Stay, lingering grey twilight,
And afterwards come the night.

II.

They have buried her here to-day,
Sorrow and darkness for me,
They have buried her here to-day,

By the broad and unquiet sea,
By the restless, soothing sea,
In its wild immensity.

III.

They have buried her here to-day,
When my burning tears were shed,
They have buried her here to-day,
And my heart grows heavy as lead,
My heart grows heavy as lead,
And my grief is deep for the silent dead.

" *Behold Thy Mother.*"

A GOLDEN-haired child, with large
blue eyes,
Gathering violets fair:
" Where do you come from, little girl?"
" I am going home out there."

The chubby hand cannot grasp the flowers,
So they fall on the dusty track;
The shy one's fears outforce a few tears,
And she looketh taken aback.

" And what prayers do you say, little maid—
Tell me what prayers you say?"

"'Lighten our darkness,' and 'Pray God bless,'
And the 'Our Father' alway."

"I put my hands together, like this,
When I go to bed alone,
And I always say what my mother taught,"
Then she said in monotone:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed I lie upon.
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels at my head:
One to sing and one to pray,
And two to carry my soul away;
And if I die before I wake
I pray to God my soul to take
For Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake.
Amen."

"And where is your mother who taught you this,
My good little clever lass?"
"She's not at home now, for they've put her below,
Under the churchyard grass.

"So every day when I'm out at play,
I go and talk to my mother,
And give her some flowers."
If one is gone,
Methought, you have another.

EVENING DEWS.

Song.*

I.

SOFTLY night-dews fall,
When the moonbeams quiver,
Flashing o'er the hall,
Dancing o'er the river.
As when snow-storms cease,
Bloom sweet violets vernal,
Toil gives place to peace,
Earthly, then eternal.

---

* Set to music by W. Borrow: London, Metzler.

Studding Heaven's floor,
Stars tell in their shining
Of light evermore,
After day's declining.
Softly night-dews fall,
When the moonbeams quiver,
Flashing o'er the hall,
Dancing o'er the river.

II.

Wondrous grace descends,
Like the dews at even,
Turning foes to friends
Who throng the stairs of Heaven.
After gloom and tears,
Breaks the day unending;
Months, nor days, nor years,

Blessings aye descending.
There, in Paradise,
Rays of splendour falling,
Ceaseless songs arise,
Choir to choir is calling;
Here, dews fall apace,
When the moonbeams quiver,
There, the source of grace,—
God's o'erflowing River.

"*In Tempore Vesperi erit Lux.*"

ALONG the east are lines of light,
Paling stars in the silent morn,
A pathless way with her silver horn
Takes the moon and wanes the night.

Waiting, waiting, here I lie,
I fear the motion of my breast,
Ever languor, never rest,
Waiting, waiting patiently.

The waves come up to the desolate shore,
Wild and hollow, a shell-like noise,
Never again that smile, that voice,
Till comes the unending evermore.

Spring and Summer, sun and showers,
Falling o'er the barren land,
I watch the dry and sparkling sand,
And never know the blooming flowers.

Bare branched tree, no cloud to pass:
One blue flower between the stones,
One hope that my aching bones
Soon rest under the waving grass.

Waiting, waiting, here I lie,—
Fevered forehead, bosom hot,
Almost black forget me not,—
Four long months so patiently.

Five new moons may I never see,
Deeper griefs I cannot bear,
Keener sorrows I could share,
Trustingly, resignedly.

Christ, can pardon be for me?

I am weak but Thou art strong,

Way uncertain, pathway long,—

In the evening light shall be.

* * * * *

Brighter glows at eve the west,

Golden, orange, crimson-red,

Death by life and both are dead,

Evening glory, perfect rest!

TO AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS, ESQ.

Of Grace Dieu Manor.

I.

THEY wrong us when they say we plot and plan,
We frame no schemes, nor look beyond to-day,
We put our trust in God and not in man.
Can it be right to hope and wrong to pray?
O for that age when Holy Church was One,
Visibly One, and the world wondering gazed,
But now the scoff of Unbelief is heard,
God's angels grieve, His saints stand all amazed

At man's sad lack of faith. But are there none
Whose inmost souls are with deep sorrow stirred—
Who, when the twilight deepens into day,
When Earth is gilded by the sunny sky,
And when the stars are clustering up on high,
For peace and Unity devoutly pray?

II.

Yea, even so God and the Saints be praised;
Numberless prayers, like incense rise above,
Not a few pairs of hands are upward raised
To Thee, O Source of Might and Fount of Love.
Those words of Jesus are rich words divine,
That even as He was with His Father One,
So each to each might all the faithful be,
And love the Father as He loved His Son.
Lord, if it be Thy Will—our trust in Thee—

Listen and grant, for every grace is Thine,
Thine to disperse and Thine alike to draw,
So strengthen us to keep Thy perfect law,
Knowing Thy gracious Will, teach us to be
One with each other and so One with Thee.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

THE silver lake is sleeping,
Its rippling waves at rest,
The stars their watches keeping,
Are mirrored on its breast,
The harvest-moon upcreeping
Behind the mountain's crest.

The convent-bell is ringing,
Its chapel windows glare,
While soft unearthly singing
Floats on the drowsy air:
Towards Heaven the angels winging,
Those earthly songs upbear.

Years pass—the lake is sleeping,
Years pass—come out the stars,
Those souls that watch were keeping,
Rest within Heaven's bars,
Fled now their pain and weeping,
Healed now their wounds and scars.

Yon rugged mountain hoary,
That harvest-moon that glowed,
How tell they still the story,
And point they out the road!
Hills sunned with golden glory,
And hearts without a load.

True that the end is nearing,
Pale frame and closëd eye,
Though winter skies are clearing,
And spring once more is nigh;

Yet each one death is fearing,
And all must one day die.

At last Heaven's sea is gleaming,
The seven lamps are hung,
The light of God is streaming
O'er race and kind and tongue;
The sapphire throne is beaming,
And the endless chorus sung.

OUR VILLAGE AND ITS STORY.

(To A. P.)

A PLEASANT country, dale and hill
and wood,
Village and homestead round for
miles outstretcht.
Below, an old grey gabled manor house
Half hidden in trees with a dark stagnant moat,
Whose sluggish waters move not all day long;
And chapel ruins ivy-buried in elms,
Deep in the valley stand below the copse.

Through yon white rocks where larches crown
the stone:

From distant hills, o'er many an emerald field,
A silver rivulet glancing in the sun,
Now shadowed o'er, now golden, and now lost,
Leaps on the jutting stones, and sparkling falls
With ceaseless plash into a broad clear pool.
Lichens and mosses, bindweed, ferns, and grass,
Thick fringe its borders and creep up the rock.
At eve, when long dark shadows slanting fall,
Scythe-bearing labourers across the stile,
Village-ward wending, make the spot less drear.
At that wild corner, where o'erarching trees
Make deepening shades, and grass grows coarse
and rank:
Where the toad lives and poisonous fungi thrive
With purple hemlock and the snakeweed dark,
An icy shudder steals the peasant o'er
When the bat flies, and the first star comes out,
Should his step bear him thither.

For of yore,—
The tale is told at nights by a winter's fire,—
A powerful lord, known all the country round
For deeds which make the faithful link his name
With men of Belial, plundered Holy Church.
Chalice and shrine and rich embroidery,
Piles set apart for God, and goodly lands
Became his own: reward for deeds of night
Effected for the king. But as of old—
When the strange Hand out-traced upon the wall,
At Babel's impious feast, a doom of woe
As punishment for sacrilege,—God's Arm
In retribution was uplifted there.

'Twas Autumn time, one breathless sultry eve,
A leaden sky and fleecy drifting clouds
Told of a gathering storm . . . . fearful and dire
The thunder echoed loud. A withering flash,—

Righteous, O Lord, art Thou, Thy judgments
true,—
Left him a stricken bloodless festering corpse.
All saw God's Finger, and no human arm
Bare him to burial, so for many a year
His bones lay whitening in the long rank grass.

This tale is handed down from sire to son,
And all receive the moral it conveys.
Much faith exists here still. This spot was ne'er
Cursed with those importations from abroad
Three centuries ago; and later still
The folk scarce knew when Laud lay down his
life
In bold defence of lasting changeless truths,
And Charles was killed by rebels. In this place
We never had the Puritans—thank God!
Ten miles 'cross country at the Minchenford,

A troop of scoundrels rode into the Church,
Destroyed some niches rich with images;
Baptized their horses at the Norman font,
Smashed every window—left the priest half dead,
Quoted some Scripture texts, then rode away
To do the same kind offices elsewhere,
But never crossed our parish boundary.

* * * * *

To the left, through oak and beech, a broad bright road
Leads to the olden Church and ancient cross.
Here a high-gabled house, with low-roofed sheds,
And half a score of huge round ricks behind.
There a long string of white-washed cottages
With ridge irregular, now dark, now gold;
And there the village green, where four roads meet,
The sign-post and the stocks; and, far beyond,

This little brook, through orchard, field, and moor,
Marked out by willow-trees, grows deep and
broad.
On still, through yon wide valley thick with leaf,
Its course is visible. By tower and spire
And farm,—by lordly hall and hamlet lone,
Then in a dim dark wood its path is lost.
Far over vale and moor and copse-clothed hill,
And blushing cornfields, ripe with golden grain,
Bold mountains rise, grey with an autumn mist,
Shaded by cloud, or purpled by the sun:
And over all rich tints, while gleams of light
Make indistinct the landscape, far and near.

Give me such village scenes. I hate your town—
Your quiet town where all talk politics,
Oppose the church-rate and abuse the Pope;

Of schisms full and maiden scandal-mongers.
Where, at the dinner-hour of plain poor folks,
Tract-hawking women—begging weekly pence
To fatten some sleek scoundrel Ireland-ways,
Who blights a soul with half a bowl of soup,
Making a hypocrite or infidel,
And does the devil's work,—go simpering round,
And cities like not me. The busy crowd
Elbow and jostle all green country-folk,
That one is glad to get back to the fields,
Ten miles from any town, without a coach,
From any railway station three hours' drive.
Give me such village spots. Evil is here, I know,
But less than there. Your modern ways
And nineteenth-century improvements all
Are not attractive here. Dissenting souls,—
Who stand to the Faith as Pharaoh, Egypt's
King,

Once stood to Israel,—don't bless us here.
We've no such pile as Zion preaching-house,
So Faith's not quite extinct. In this respect
We're better off than most small country towns.
And though we don't possess an Institute,
Where tradesmen's boys discuss the newspaper,
And any subject of philosophy,
Science, theology, or politics,
We're none the worse for that. They learn, not
teach,
In this our village, as folks did of old
When David Wilkie's pencil was at work,—
An anxious gathering to hear the news.
Only put Inkermann for Waterloo,
Raglan for Duke, and Russian foe for French,
And then the change appears no change at all.

1855.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE air was warm, the young leaves still,
The eastern heaven was pale,
A braid of sunshine girt the west,
A star hung o'er the vale.
Ring out, yon solemn bell, ring out,
O'er wold and valley far,—
Ring out, a soul absolved has fled
Beyond that evening star,
Another soul is called away
To God's dread judgment-bar.

A kindred soul left those it loved,
When a long-past year grew old,

And dull November's breath had changed
To brown the fields of gold.
His dust awaits the angel call,
Beneath an altar stair;
Christ give eternal rest at last
And a meeting in the air,
A flashing glimpse of the sapphire street,
And then a meeting there.

So now on the cold, cold earth below,
We three are all alone,
To us May-blossoms tell of death,
And Autumn of pleasures flown.
Yet strange year-voices, speak ye on,
How dull is Memory say,—
How cold is Love, how weak is Faith,
And bid us ever pray

That we each may know the strong Right
Hand
At the awful judgment-day.

And now sweet Spring is here again,
And sunshine robes the hill;
Once more the solemn bell rings out,
Then all around is still.
Before the Cross let prayers ascend,
Granted through Him Who lies
On the bright altar-throne above,
A perpetual sacrifice.
Lord, give eternal rest to each,
And a home in Paradise:
At last may we see Thy Face and sing
The chant that never dies.

THE OLD VICARAGE.

I REMEMBER, in the warm sunlight,
Knee-deep in the browning hay,
The quaint old Vicarage-house that stood
By the side of the public way.
On its many gables broad trees flung
Their shadows black and grey.

A narrow world was all I knew,
Joys crowding, hopes and fears,
Life seemed an endless spring-time then,
With April shower-like tears,

But sorrows have come, all spectre-like,
With the shorter deepening years.

I remember the hall and entrance,
Each nook, each flower and tree,
The roses by the garden gate,
The cowslips on the lea,
The golden sunlight on the grass,
And the river bright and free.

It was the spring-tide of our life,
But now those hours have past,
And Autumn's colours have been here
And Winter's biting blast:
It is no more a home for us now,
But there will be a home at last.

I remember the pictures on the wall,
And the oaken roof so low,

The semicircle round the fire,
And the embers' crimson glow,
The Christmas gathering seems a fact,
Though things are altered so.

That home is now a home no more,
Another home more fair
Hears voices new within its doors,
Strange footsteps on the stair;
Some trees are dead, and some have grown,
For Change runs riot there.

The only things that have not changed
Are the river sparkling by,
The golden sunlight on the grass,
The stars in the deep blue sky,
And the noble church-tower grey and broad
That riseth proudly by.

Death has wrought a cruel work,
    A certain reckoning stands,
Come a quiet for the soul
    In Paradisal lands,
Then spring eternal, unconceived,
    A house not made with hands.

A GARDEN IN AUTUMN.

THICKLY the dew lies on leaf and
mead,
The lily droops its head,
The wild clematis sheddeth its seed,
And the woodbine flowers are dead.
Beside the graves the grass grows long,
Silvered with Autumn's breath,
Yon golden copse has no sound now,
And all things tell of Death :—
Death, though the snow-drops bloom
Or glares the sultry sun,
Fix'd is man's changeless doom—
His race soon run.

The dry leaves in the gravel-walk,
And the winds that bear them away,
In their hollow mysterious Autumn talk
Mutter of death and decay;
Deep chimes out-knoll from the ivied tower
Saying one more day is dead:
Pale grows the elm and sere the bower
And the oak-tree a deeper red:
Awhile the roses bloom
When southern swallows fly,
Autumn tells of the tomb,
Says "All men die."

Little Nell with a book in a dusky room
Looks up to nod as we meet,
The bright sparks deepen my autumn gloom
For they light up a vacant seat.
No joys below could one grief beguile,

The sorrow one May-morn gave
To us a last glance at her loving smile—
To our mother a churchyard grave.
Resting beneath the grass
Upon Earth's tranquil breast,
Cloud and sunshine pass,
Sunshine give and rest.

There's one fair spot with beauty rife,
A garden where four streams meet,
One, the celestial River of Life,
Ever flows through a golden street,
No decay or changes are there,
No twilight or starlight or moon,
But fadeless blossoms perfume the air
Through an endless summer noon;
Here, Autumn and Winter are ours,
And here a loved one dies,

O for the joyous bowers
Of Paradise.

Still thick lies the dew on the mead,
Still droops the lily its head,
Still the clematis sheds its seed,
And the woodbine flowers lie dead.
Over the graves still the grass grows long,
Silvered with Autumn's breath,
Still from the yew-tree no requiem-song,
Though all things tell of death.
Autumnly such is of sight,
But the streams by all may be known,
Faith pierces the shadows of Night
And sees the White Throne.

ON THE DEATH OF THE FIRST BISHOP OF GRAHAMSTOWN, MAY 16, 1856.

FEARLESS thou wentest, nerved with
strength from God,
To plant the standard of the cross
on high,
To tell how He Who formed the earth and sky
Was born of Mary, and on earth once trod:
Of Gabriel's message, and of Bethlehem's star,
Of Calvary's Rock, and of rich Joseph's grave:
Of Him who reigns above Heaven's golden bar,
And ever pleads His Wounds mankind to save.

And now thou art no more : thy voice is still,
Thy hand to bless shall ne'er again be raised—
Thy course is done. If thou hast done His Will
Who gave thee special gifts, His Name be praised.
Lord, bestow peace, now his brief conflict o'er,
His soul soon reach Heaven's bright and golden
shore.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

(FROM THE LATIN.)

COME, Source of Light and Spirit of
Love,
From Heaven's bright sapphire throne
above,
Let undimmed radiance dart;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Rich benedictions that endure,
Diffuse through every heart.

For Thou'rt of all consolers best,
Cheering oft the troubled breast,

So let us know Thy Peace,
Rest give us for our toiling feet,
Glad coolness in the burning heat,—
Bid our keen anguish cease.

O true, undying, glorious Light,
The faithful with Thy Spirit bright
Replenish Thou and fill;
Without Thy radiance divine
Nought in the heart of man can shine,
And good becometh ill.

Bind up each wound, our powers renew,
Shed o'er us Thy refreshing dew,
And wash our sins away;
Bend Thou the proud and carnal will,
Melt Thou the frozen, warm the chill,
And guide those going astray.

On all who love Thee and adore
In humble trust for evermore,
    Thy sevenfold gifts shower down;
Give consolation at the last,
Eternal life when death is past,
    And then—a fadeless crown.

THE END.

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